

so believing, we take it as text for our short lecture to those who assume as fact what he undoubtedly intended as a joke. There are those in our midst who believe, or at least maintain, that the national castigation which the South underwent was no less beneficial to her than is the flagellation inflicted upon an unbreeched reprobate school boy to him.

To that class it is proposed to say a few words, more in sadness than in anger. Far be it from us to dampen their exuberant loyalty.

But, sir, I ask in Heaven's name, is it essential that a Southern man must eat dirt or wallow therein, denounce his ancestry or ridicule their foibles, or otherwise degrade himself, to prove his new born loyalty and devotion to the new order of things?

If these be prerequisites, there are some still left who prefer to be thought *disloyal* on the earth above and in the earth below, from Appomattox to judgment day. Nor are they willing to exalt their day and generation as supremely blessed, by way of contrast to that which has gone before; or, to adopt a new coined and most disgusting term, to elevate "The New South" at the expense of the *old* South. There are those who *seriously* hold that the civil war and its *result* was a blessing in disguise for the South.

If this expression of opinion was confined to the political jackdaws, whose innate veneration for "the powers that be" induced them at an early stage of the reconstruction drama to forswear their manhood, and by defiling to feather their nest, rejoinder were superfluous.

But strange as it may appear, some so-called "representative men," even at this late day, when the necessity for self and sectional abasement would seem to have passed, are constantly proclaiming in effect that national degradation and elevation are synonymous terms, as illustrated in our own case. This new sect of philosophers, of the "thrift may follow lawning" school, would have us believe that nothing is so conducive to sectional prosperity as financial ruin (upon the principle of a big fire to build up a city.)

They *gravely* argue that the South was sunk in sloth, ignorance and moral depravity, until in the beneficence of God's Providence she was whipped out of them and started on the road of moral progress. Contempt for the slave who so believes, and a curse on the craven who so proclaims! Is it in the nature of things that a semi-barbarous dark corner of any land inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon should have supplied the executive head for two-thirds of its existence and far more than its proportionate share of brawn and brain for time embraced?

Is it reasonable that a lazy, indolent, lie-in-the-shade-people, should have dared to grapple a foe to all intents at least five times their bulk, and with none of the appliances of war save enthusiasm have held its more powerful adversary at arm's length until this little foot-ball of ours had completed its fourth circuit around "the god of day?" Is it possible that a race such as our defamers would have us believe we were, after succumbing to the inevitable, caused by the attrition of overwhelming superior force, could have recuperated as it has in so short a time? If these things be not so, as so we hold them not to be, then we call a truce to the truculent admission of friend, or the senseless and impudent assumption of foe.

All such admission on our part is concession that the South occupied a lower moral, material and intellectual plane than did her sisters in the colder zone. If we proclaim that one sound drubbing was of such incalculable advantage to us, analogy might ask why would not a second and a periodical return hereafter, corresponding to the census, do you still more good? If you were so degraded before and so exalted now, another application or two of "birch" might raise you to the wonderful altitude of Plymouth Rock, and make you as good, pious and prosperous as the self-complacent denizens of its base surrounding. Such, I say, is the legitimate deduction from all such toady confession. Hence I say, let Southern men who *honestly* believe that they were whilom of the dunghill and smelt of the stable, that their social system was all wrong, their effort to preserve it a crime, and their failure to do so a blessing; and that they who rectified it all are of the "salt of the earth, salty," and saintly withal; for fear of a repetition of the *blessing*, if not for common decency and self respect, not make too frequent public confession of their creed.

Far be it from me to understate the unprecedented pick-up and recuperative energy displayed by our goodly land since the drum stopped beating. It is, all things considered, the most wonderful phase in the history of any people in any age of the world, and fitting sequence or companion piece to the most glorious war record of recorded time. Taken together they constitute, as before said, proof irrefragable that the race of men and women who worked out the two belongs to no abject tribe of indolent "inerts," but is the peer of any that has inhabited the earth, in patriotism, genius, daring, endurance and energy. It proves further that the social system which could evolve such a race could not have been the God-forsaken thing which new-fledged converts to "the humanitarian idea" would have us believe.

Here perhaps I might rest the case and rest satisfied, assuming that the predicate will in the main be admitted by impartial parties. But in spite of the suspicion of presumption to which it subjects me, I go further and maintain that departure from the old order of things and adoption of our neighbors' ideas *up above here*, is, to say the least, rather equivocal progress. Concede that *accumulation* is the paramount duty of man, and of course the position taken is untenable. But there are some so old foggyish as not to be able to see it.

With no purpose of invidious comparison, further than to state our side of the case with a view to repel like assault and refute like admission, I for one hold and maintain that "the new South" is no improvement on "the old South," and that as against the last, "the new North" or "the old North" has nothing to boast by comparison. Detracting nothing from their claim, but conceding it all, I still lay claim to mine. Energy, enterprise, evolution, development, practicality; in a word all traits of character which rest upon the foundation of accumulation; nay more, the

results, are theirs to an unprecedented degree.

The common school in a state of perfection approximating the compulsory educational system of Prussia is theirs. Concentrated capital in the hands of the few which puts to blush the tales of Roman luxury and profusion when "the decline" set in, is theirs also. All these we concede, as well as their superior facilities for higher school education. Perhaps if other claims occurred, they too might be admitted. What I concede all this; then what can the *ante-bellum* South set up *per contra*? First and foremost, a negative assumption. No abject pauperism or pinching hunger and but little crime in her broad-domain. No crowded penal institutions; no colossal fortunes won by sharp practice, trickery and chicanery; (more pregnant with danger to free institutions than all things else); no worship of gold or man-worship on account of its possession; no ethical code which would extenuate the big rogue, but crucify the small one.

No! thanks to her sole hand-maiden, agriculture, nowhere, perhaps, was wealth more equally distributed. "There the richest were poor, and the poorest dwelt in abundance." But, "their houses were as open as day and the hearts of their owners" scorning "the golden calf," next to their God they worshipped liberty. For as old Sam Johnson said of their forefathers over a hundred years ago, "none so loud for liberty as those who live in an atmosphere of slavery. They realize what it means." I give his idea only, quoting from memory. Next to hate of tyranny, hospitality may be assumed to be the first of public virtues. Has she ever had such a well recognized dwelling place in any quarter of the globe or age of the world as in the old South?

The charge of extravagance and debt, as a sectional peculiarity, was gratuitous and ill founded. Nowhere was the possession of property more conservative, as is ever the case when it consists in acres. These, like the sins of their fathers, descended usually to the third and fourth generation. Can mercantile or monopoly wealth claim as much?

Less thought to money-making allowed more time for thinking of their souls' salvation and the good of the State. Such were a few of the advantages possessed by the denizens of this blessed arcadia.

For one we value them more than the vaunted ones of the overfed North, which has grown fat on spoliation subsidy, whilst keeping the South lean.

Pardon, Mr. Editor, the elongation of what was intended as a paragraph or two, into an article. It's not my fault. I did not take the last, nor do I propose to throw the last. In the absence or reluctance of others better qualified to take it, I have herein assumed the championship of "The Old South." In her prostrate state she has been maligned of foe and laughed at of friend; her foibles ridiculed and her faults magnified. Such is the story of the old sick lion, as told by father Æsop.

The war is ended, slavery is dead, the old-time state of things wiped out. We recognize the fact and bow to its accomplishment. But shame on the rascals who will cast a stone behind him at former friend, to change a former foe to friend. More assumption and less admission, *mes-sieurs*, and ridicule and contumely must find some other subject. W. J. G.

Letter From Col. W. J. Green.

[Cor. of THE NEWS AND OBSERVER]

The following extract from a speech made by editor Watterson on the South is from the Washington Star of Oct. 18.

"* * * The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence. She was rich and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. (Applause.) The curse of slavery was here. God passed a rod across the land and smote the people. Then, in His goodness and mercy He waved the wand of enchantment, and lo! like a flower, His blessing burst forth. (Applause.) Indeed may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." (Applause.)

"The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth; we had our debts and our 'niggers'; under the old system we paid our debts and wallowed our 'niggers'; but under the new we pay our 'niggers' and wallow our debts. (Laughter and applause.) We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim with the old darkey at camp meeting who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, 'Bless the Lord, I'm gittin' fatter and fatter!' (Laughter.) * * *

We are sorry to hear such an utterance from the lips, but believe it was no emanation from the heart of genial Henry Watterson. We think that Henry spoke in a hurry, and rather than spoil an antithesis uttered in levity what we of the South might pardon as a solecism, but which our enemies at the North (and they are not all dead) will be too prone to construe into an admission. Nevertheless,